

The World

Published by the Press Publishing Company, No. 53 to 55
Park Row, New York. Entered at the Post-Office
at New York as Second-Class Mail Matter.

VOLUME 44.....NO. 15,440.

SUCCESS OR FAILURE.

The Evening World has commented on the dinner which Millionaire Beaton is to give his old friends and fellow citizens of the Ohio town he left as a poor boy to come to New York to amass a fortune. It is a unique testimonial of the abiding affection the city millionaire preserves for his old home.

But how many there are in the great city who also were poor country boys in whom that dinner will inspire feelings of sadness and despondency—bitter feelings, resentment of the fate that has denied them the success Beaton has won!

They came to the city with hopes equally high, with ardent ambitions, energy, pluck, patience, talent. They came with unpublished manuscripts on which their hearts were set, as did the hero of Mr. Howells's "Hazard of New Fortunes." They came with plays which crowded houses were to applaud; with inventions which were to make them rich beyond the dreams of avarice; with small savings which a business venture in the larger market was to multiply into millions. They came with the courage of youth, they toiled and economized, they ate the unleavened bread of disappointment and despair, and in the end suffered defeat. They failed, the many, where the few won success.

What made the difference? Was the fault in those who failed or in a lack of opportunity which made success unattainable?

The census enumerator who takes note of all other conditions of population cannot give accurate figures as to the size of the domestic immigration into the metropolis. He cannot take note of the thousands and tens of thousands who come to the city in this hazard of new fortunes, nor of the percentage of success, nor of the contrasting futures of those who come. Do you recall in "Sister Carrie" how the Western girl came to the city to attain almost immediate fame as a comic-opera prima donna, while the lover who came with her was soon to be in the Morgue?

The cases are perhaps not parallel, yet of the thousands of boys who reached the metropolis in the year that Beaton came, how many, with equal talent and industry, have achieved anything like his success?

A HOUSE'S TENANTS.

One of the highly respectable red-brick houses on North Washington Square—houses long the habitat of society and still retaining traces of old grandeur, houses, as it were, of the "Cecil Dreeme" for an architectural mediocrity which Henry James found very pleasing—one of these old-time mansions is to be the home of Mayor-elect McClellan during his term of office. It is the particular house which was Bishop Potter's residence.

An interesting change of atmosphere will come with the new tenant. In the rooms where questions of church policy were determined, where matters of ritual were discussed, the qualifications of candidates for city offices will be passed upon. A slate will replace the calendar. That is, in theory, at least. It may happen that the final word will be said in the somewhat dingy "brownstone front" at No. 305 East Seventeenth street.

Rogers used to say that in his later years taking a walk around London in the haunts of his youth and early manhood was like passing through a cemetery. On every hand were the ghostly reminders of friends who had passed away. The houses were there, but the spirits that animated them had fled.

It does not necessitate a long residence in New York to prompt similar sentiments of mournful recollection. Here is the house where Jones and his attractive young wife began housekeeping. You recall the first Welsh rabbit you ate there, a somewhat tough and stringy one, and remember that the divorce court has since parted them. There is where Smith lived, dead last year just as he was beginning to realize the ease of prosperity. In this house lived the Robinsons, who have faded from view. Here, where an office building towers high, was the boarding-house where you lived when looking for your first job. Of the dozen who sat at table with you not five remain.

The history of a New York dwelling-house with its changes of tenants from decade to decade could not fail to interest if the materials were available. In the hundreds of houses that are going down before the wreckers' axe on what is to be the site of the mammoth Pennsylvania depot—four city blocks, 200 or more houses—how much domestic fact, surpassing fiction in interest, is buried in oblivion for ever!

FOOTBALL PROFITS.

"Our fathers did chores," says Prof. M. L. Perrin discussing before the Massachusetts Teachers' Association the decline of habits of frugality, "and our sons put the same energy into football." Perhaps we must feel content if the quality of energy has not deteriorated. That is the main thing.

But of the extent to which this energy is made productive when applied to football we are given an inkling by the annual athletic report for Harvard University. The expenditures for athletics during the year were \$72,433.51, and the receipts, which were chiefly from the football games, were \$96,090.20. Nearly \$100,000 for one college! If the receipts at Yale, Princeton and the larger athletic colleges are added the amount will aggregate millions. A grand total of all the gate receipts at the hundreds of college games the country over would show returns considerable by comparison with the volume of business transacted by a large stock company or trust.

The growth of this financial side of football has called for new duties on the part of the undergraduates who manage the teams. A new course of instruction is added to the regular curriculum. A youth who has the handling of any of these large sums of money receives a business training which may help him more in after life than all the algebra and trigonometry he is called on to "pass." Times have changed since the hat went around among the students for contributions to support the eleven and the nine and the crew. It is a change which shows itself conspicuously in the \$250,000 steel and stone stadium which at Harvard replaces the old circus seats on Jarvis Field.

Transmutation of Metals.—Sir William Ramsay thinks that sodium possesses properties from which a transmutation of metals may be effected and an old dream of alchemists thus realized. Wall street developments of recent date have shown the existence of similar properties in copper and steel.

Billy Bow-Wow and Polly Pugdoodle



Billy Has a Disastrous Experience in Wall Street.



When Cupid Turns Into Santa Claus.

By
Nixola Greeley-Smith,
Granddaughter of Horace Greeley.

WHEN Cupid turns into Santa Claus, as he is soon to do, and discards his traditional quiver for the well-filled sack which the presiding genius of Christmastide must bear an expectant sigh goes up from the feminine half of humanity. And none of the million maidens now wondering what Tom or Dick or Harry is going to give for Christmas pauses to think that the change from a lightly slung quiver to the heavier old-man's burden may make the little love-god groan and falter under the load.

Year after year the giving of Christmas presents has furnished a greater opportunity for the purse-proud prodigality which distinguishes the American rich and has imposed a heavier tax on the less wealthy public which in this, as in everything else, seems to think that it must follow, even though from afar, the pace set by the millionaires.

Even Cupid's realm has been invaded by the spirit of reckless giving and the poor young man in love no longer thinks of what he can afford to give the object of his affections, but of what is the least that she expects.

Our grandmothers who were, let us admit it, in some respects wiser than we realized the unwisdom of laying too heavy a burden on the love-god's baby shoulders until he should voluntarily thrust his head into the yoke of matrimony. They decreed that from a man to whom she was not engaged a girl might with propriety accept just three things—flowers, candy or books. And every young woman knows that the rule holds good—for other girls. For herself she cannot see why she may not accept a simple stick pin from John—they are such awfully good friends—or a friendship ring from Thomas—have they not known each other since they were so high? Or even a box and muff from Albert—does he not work in a fur shop and get the things at wholesale prices? Of course she is not like that horrid Brown girl, who gets engaged to a different man regularly every November and whose dressing table is laden with gold and silver trophies of the brief betrothal. And if she were like that June person across the way, who takes anything she can get from anybody, she might be literally covered with jewels.

Can't you see the difference? No? You think that flowers, which, Heaven knows, are expensive enough at the Christmas season, are the only offering that even the permissible candy and books are less suitable gifts to burden Cupid's shoulders than the buds and blossoms with which he may be properly adorned. And you fear that jewelry is in shocking taste and that furs are quite, quite impossible. Well you are a preachy old grandmother, anyhow.

Some of the Best Jokes of the Day.

DIPLOMACY.
Bangs—Henderson tells me you invariably give in to your wife in argument with her.
Bangs—That's all right; that's diplomacy, you know. It is the only way I manage to have the last word.—Boston Transcript.

GAS.
Farmer Skidmore burning signs in a city hotel room—"Gas turned all night charged extra." "Don't blow out the gas." These fellows are bound to catch you one way or the other.—Cleveland Leader.

AFRAID.
"I am sure, however," said the rich old man, "that none of my relatives wish me to die."
"Who makes you sure?"
"Because I have only four, and they are all lawyers."—Omaha News.

CRAZY HIMSELF.
"Yes, if I do say it," said the conceited fellow, "she's crazy for me."
"How unnecessary," remarked Miss Sharpe; "you don't require any assistance in that direction."—Philadelphia Press.

MIGHT GET OVER IT.
Proudman—Did you ever hear my little girl recite? I believe she'll be an elocutionist when she grows up.
Hardman—Or it may not be as bad as that. She may outgrow it.—Philadelphia Ledger.

The Important Mr. Peewee, the Great Little Man.

The Cold Spell Contracts His Inches and Miss Sixfoot Fails to Recognize Him.



LETTERS, QUERIES AND ANSWERS.

An Apple Problem.
To the Editor of The Evening World:
A dealer sells one-half his stock of apples and one-half an apple more; then he sells one-half the remainder and one-half an apple more, and again sells one-half of what he has left and one-half an apple more, which disposes of his entire stock. How many apples had he at the start, readers?
W. W. H.

A Word for the Motorman.
To the Editor of The Evening World:
In almost every case when somebody is run over and killed by a car the mob which soon accumulates wants to lynx the motorman. In such cases per-

haps nine out of ten did not see how the accident happened. They did not know whether it was the motorman's fault or not, but as soon as they see that human blood has been spilled they are bent on punishing the offender. In the future do you not think it would be wise for the people not to be so hasty with punishment? At least before they try to take the law into their own hands let them find out who is to blame.
JOHN S. D.

More Apples to Puzzle Over.
To the Editor of The Evening World:
Will clever readers kindly solve this simple example? One man sells 3 apples for 1 cent; another sells them 2 for 1 cent; a third sells them 1 for 1 cent. Thirty apples, at 3 for 1 cent, 10 cents; 30 apples, at 2 for 1 cent, 15 cents. The other 10 equals 25 cents. Now, if they go into partnership and each has 30 apples, selling them 3 for 2 cents, they will only have 24 cents together. If they sell their apples. Kindly explain where the 1 cent has disappeared.
MORRIS N.

How to Feed Him.
To the Editor of The Evening World:
In answer to the inquiry of W. J. R. would say that pet water turtles are fed in this manner: Put the turtle in a basin of water and cut some raw meat

3 for 1 cent; another sells them 2 for 1 cent; a third sells them 1 for 1 cent. Thirty apples, at 3 for 1 cent, 10 cents; 30 apples, at 2 for 1 cent, 15 cents. The other 10 equals 25 cents. Now, if they go into partnership and each has 30 apples, selling them 3 for 2 cents, they will only have 24 cents together. If they sell their apples. Kindly explain where the 1 cent has disappeared.
MORRIS N.

No License Required in New York.
To the Editor of The Evening World:
Kindly advise me of the necessary legal steps to take to be married.
E. E. M.

In New York no license is required.
In New York no license is required. In New Jersey licenses are demanded of non-residents.

The Man Higher Up

Has Odell Got Platt Down and Out?

"I SEE," said the Cigar Store Man, "that Platt and Odell have been trying to take a fall out of each other."

"The way it looks to me," corrected the Man Higher Up, "the fall has been taken, but it is hard to figure out which one is down. Senator Platt is the Fifth simmons of politics. Just when they think they have him going and that his seconds are about to throw up the sponge he gives himself a hypodermic injection of knowledge of the State machine and lands a swipe on his opponent that sounds like a bale of hay falling down an elevator shaft."

"But Odell knows the game, too. Platt trained Odell, and it may turn out a case of a teacher getting wise to more than the professor ever had a dream about. Although Odell was elected last year by a plurality so small that you couldn't feel it if you stepped on it, he showed he was pretty strong up-State in communities where the inhabitants are about five miles apart and Democrats are scarcer than elephants in Iceland."

"Where Odell comes in strong is in the mountain counties up north, where they don't know that Horace Greeley is dead. The leaders up there have just as much influence in getting the State Committee together as the city leaders have, and a lot of them know more about practical politics in a minute than the majority of the local leaders could absorb in a week."

"Odell also has the backing of President Roosevelt, and that backing is as good as a baseball bat in a fight with a crowd of Chinamen. The President ought to be thankful to Platt, because if it wasn't for the Senator he wouldn't be President. It was Platt who forced the nomination for the Vice-Presidency upon Roosevelt with the idea of putting Roosevelt in cold storage, and that's where he'd be to-day if President McKinley wasn't assassinated."

"Naturally you'd think that the President would be willing to give the Senator the glad hand, even if he did get into the White House by accident, but Roosevelt isn't built that way. He figures that if Platt tried to throw him down once he will take a chance at the throw-down thing again if he gets next to an opening. And President Roosevelt yearns for a renomination like a man down to his last stack of whites years to complete a full house on a two-card draw."

"He wants to be elected by the people and he can't get a chance unless he gets the nomination. He ought to get the nomination. A man who has the pulse a year before the nominating convention to send a telegram to a State convention and ask for an endorsement is entitled to anything he sees and wants. If he had the front to make a try for endorsement in Ohio, why shouldn't he do it in his own State, New York, and why shouldn't he pick out Odell, the Governor, to swing the deal for him? He probably remembers that day in Philadelphia when he gritted his teeth and said he wouldn't take the nomination for the Vice-Presidency, and Platt, he just smiled, and Roosevelt took the nomination."

"Where does Hanna come in on all this?" asked the Cigar Store Man.

"Hanna," replied the Man Higher Up, "hasn't been cast for a part in the prologue. He is rehearsing for the big show."

The Hypnotic Voice.

Gordon Cumming was perhaps the first to discover the effect of the human voice upon wild animals. On one occasion he had a lioness in full retreat before him. He called loudly to her, whereupon she squatted like a huge dog and permitted him to approach. In a similar venture he choked the charge of a lioness by yelling at her and continued to do so, while she remained perplexedly sniffing the ground and allowed him to escape.

A Plaster Whale.

Curator Lucas, of the National Museum, who went to Newfoundland a couple of months ago to obtain a plaster cast of a whale, has succeeded in his task. The cast is said to be the largest in the world and when completed it will be shipped to the museum. Later it will be duplicated and a replica sent to the St. Louis Exposition. It is seventy-nine feet long.

United States Street Cars.

The authorized capitalization of street car lines in the United States in 1902 amounted to \$2,870,629,516, while the gross earnings from operation were \$247,663,999, and the net income, after deducting all expenses, both operating and fixed charges, was \$30,595,977.

Three Hardest Blows.

The stroke of a lion's paw is the third strongest blow in the animal world. The first is the blow of a whale's tail, the second the kick of a giraffe.